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THE Commonweal

Harold C. Hinton

TIGER AT THE GATE

The Chinese-Indian Border Dispute

Lancelot C. Sheppard

A SAINT BY ANY OTHER NAME

Philomena and the Pious Imagination

Nat Hentoff

BY COMMON DISSENT

Pacifists and Anti-Segregationists

Christians as Pharisees • *The Meaning of Freedom* • *Sean O'Faolain Remembers Modern Art and the Church* • *Two Poems*

VOLUME LXXV, NO. 17 JANUARY 19, 1962 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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The Commonweal Approach

The editors of The Commonweal do not accept the philosophical principles of that continental "Liberalism" which was condemned by the Church, but the magazine's approach to day-to-day issues is frequently described as "liberal." The term itself, of course, is ambiguous and clouded with historical uncertainty, meaning one thing to one man and something quite different to another, and normally we hesitate to use it ourselves. We do, however, understand why people refer to us this way and we accept the designation—although our "liberal" views on many questions strike us as more truly conservative than those advanced by most of the right-wing Catholic publications.

Be this as it may, the editors of this magazine clearly tend to be "liberal," not in the nineteenth-century European sense but in the modern American sense of the word. We are deeply committed to the idea of political democracy, and we have little patience with Catholic writers who discuss political questions as if nothing had happened between the French Revolution and the present. We value the American Constitution and oppose any interference with due process of law. We cherish our own civil liberties, and we defend those of others. We abhor anti-Semitism or racial discrimination in any form.

We are deeply concerned with genuine measures to fight Communism—moral, economic, military and psychological—and completely uninterested in "anti-Communist" crusades that make bold headlines but signify nothing. We support domestic measures we think will help in achieving that social justice described in the papal encyclicals, and we favor efforts to promote international social justice by aiding the underdeveloped nations. We think Catholics have not given enough thought to what it means to live in a pluralistic society and we consider it imperative that they repair this omission.

—from the 35th Anniversary Issue

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THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Catholics and Extremism

FOR SOME TIME now, The Commonweal has spoken out against the resurgence of right-wing extremism in American life. With many other Americans we have voiced our dismay at both the principles and the methods characteristic of so many of our burgeoning anti-Communist societies. In many respects, of course, the problem of such societies and the mentality they reveal is one that cuts into the very heart of our national society. Hardly a single church or a single socio-cultural group could boast that it is free of the taint of extremism among some of its members. The disease, it is only too clear, is a pluralistic one.

Yet it is inescapable that American Catholics bear a special responsibility for the rise and support of at least some of these groups. Without Catholic supporters, many of them would be trifling irritations only. Many would not even exist. Almost all, to a greater or lesser degree, depend upon the aid of Catholics: for approval, manpower, money and publicity. While it is difficult to get any kind of statistics on such support, what is known is sufficient—or ought to be—to show a highly disturbing and unflattering picture. It is a picture which shows that many Catholics have a distorted understanding of the Church's social teachings and a twisted view of American ideals.

In one obvious sense, Catholic support for anti-Communist activities is perfectly understandable. Communism and Catholicism are irreconcilable; and the fate of the Church behind the Iron Curtain provides sufficient evidence to emphasize that truism. That Catholics should oppose—to the death, if necessary—the spread of Communism is no less understandable. That American Catholics should oppose Communism both as a threat to national security and to their religious values is likewise eminently reasonable.

But why, one has to ask very pointedly, are so many Catholics attracted to the extremist variety of anti-Communism? Why, again, are so many Catholics prone to advocate methods of fighting Communism which ape Communist methods? What, finally, is there in the American Catholic mind that makes so many ripe for the arguments and values of extremists—or makes them propose these values to others?

Were Catholics not in the vanguard of the extremist movement, one might be able to ask less embarrassing questions. But it would, in this instance, be naive to claim that Catholics are merely unwitting victims. Nor will it do to evade these questions by shifting the blame solely to the murkier undercurrents of American society. Still less does the undoubtedly vital role of Protestant fundamentalism excuse Catholic enthusiasm.

THE DIFFICULTY with these questions, naturally, is that no single answer is likely to be adequate. Some non-Catholics, we suspect, might see the answer as one lying in their belief that Catholics are, by nature, prone to adopt totalitarian methods to defend their values. This is an insupportable answer. More subtly, however, one could argue that a burning concern for civil liberties has never occupied a very high place in Catholic thinking. But the evidence on this point would be of mixed sort, true in some instances, false in others. Still, there is more than a grain of truth in this view. One can hardly help pondering it when one sees many Catholics so happily willing to abandon individual liberties for national security.

More to the point, we believe, is the perennial tendency of uncountable American Catholics to see problems only in terms of black and white. It is hardly a coincidence, for instance, that the Catholic extremist sees the fight against Communism as one between the Godly and the Godless—a show-down between the good and the bad. Nor can it be merely a coincidence that the "intellectual" is blamed by

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the extremist for whatever ails us. How familiar too is the claim that the virtuous and the right-thinking are engaged in a war to the death—within our society—with those intent on selling us out to the forces of secularism. The arguments are all too common: they have been heard before in Catholic debates on higher education, the social teachings of the Church, the liturgical movement, federal aid to education, pluralism, and so on.

It would be fortunate if it were possible to dismiss Catholic extremism as just another interesting sociological tidbit, as a random footnote on the folkways of some American Catholics. But the issue runs deeper than that. In a recent issue of *Commentary,* Professor Alan F. Westin of Columbia University noted that "the 1960's may see an even deeper division of American Catholics into warring ideological factions than has obtained at any time in the past." His context was that of a discussion of Catholic participation in the John Birch Society. His point, we think, was a sound one.

For it is becoming very common for one Catholic to attack another on both his loyalty and his religious principles. And there can be little doubt that such attacks will rise unless something happens to slow down the upward spiral of extremism. Unhappily, extremism in general is very difficult to stop; by nature it is not amenable to rational rejoinders. But this does not mean that American Catholics cannot, by word and deed, resist the temptation to lend their support to it. This involves a careful and honest self-examination on the part of Catholics. So far, such a searching of conscience has hardly begun. It will only begin when Catholics confront their own role in the spreading of extremism.

Tension in France

THE VIOLENCE of terrorism and reprisal between the Secret Army Organization (O.A.S.) and Moslem extremists in Algeria appears to be spreading to France. Up to very recently the O.A.S. tactic of shooting down selected French and Moslem victims had been confined largely to Algeria itself. That it is deliberate policy is indicated by the fact that this two-fold violence has already claimed more than a hundred Algerian and European victims since the first of this year.

Up to now the terrorism of the O.A.S. has been comparatively milder in France. The notorious *plastiques* have caused more property damage than they have serious personal injury. In the past few days, however, O.A.S. gunmen have been abroad in France. And General Salan, who was sentenced to death *in absentia* for his role in the mutiny of the French officers in Algeria last spring, is reported to be in Belgium ready to take command.

Meanwhile General de Gaulle has done little to bolster his faded popularity. His advocacy of self-determination and the steps he *has* taken against insubordination in the army have alienated many of his conservative supporters. He never enjoyed much backing from the Left. As tension mounts between the two extremist forces in France, the attempt to maintain order alienates the Left still further, for police restraint of mass protests of Communists and others has little counterpart in the apprehension of the elusive individual terrorists of the O.A.S.

De Gaulle is blamed for not ending the Algerian war sooner, as he promised, and his general popularity has hardly been helped by his authoritarian and unyielding manner. Peasants demanding better prices and government employees whose wages have not kept pace with those of private industry have also been turning against him. Yet the franc is stable, gold reserves are increasing and France is prosperous, presenting a curious picture of political weakness and economic strength.

In all fairness de Gaulle can hardly be held wholly to blame for not succeeding up to now in settling a problem with elements that are virtually insoluble. The new desperation of the O.A.S. may even be a sign that the long-sought Algerian settlement is at hand. In fact, the O.A.S. is said to be training shock troops to greet the cease-fire with uprisings in Algiers and Oran. For their part, it must be added, the Communists in France are trying to organize a new Popular Front to combat the threatened Rightist coup.

There are many moderates in France and among the Moslems, many French technicians, social workers, teachers and missionaries who are dedicating their lives to the well-being of the Algerian people. But the danger grows that the final struggle for Algeria will bring about the showdown of force between Right and Left long feared by friends of France throughout the West.

No News Is Bad News

ALMOST as though the invasion of Goa had never happened, India's Prime Minister Nehru has already resumed his favorite role as moral teacher of the West. In major speeches at the convention of India's ruling Congress Party (speeches received with great enthusiasm by the crowds in attendance), Mr. Nehru castigated "the big powers" for failure to support the United Nations in the Congo. It was India and Indian troops which saved the

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U.N. in this crisis, he said, and he completely rejected any suggestion that the Goan invasion had weakened the U.N.

There is obviously something to what the Prime Minister says about big-power non-support for the U.N. policy they authorized in the Congo. But concerning Mr. Nehru's explanation of the forcible expulsion of the Portuguese from Goa, his righteousness is hard to square with the facts. If conditions in Goa were as he says, and if the reception given his troops by the Goans was as joyous and peaceful as claimed, why did his government clamp such a tight lid on news coverage?

For instance, a note in the most recent *Overseas Press Club Bulletin* describes conditions encountered in Goa by newsmen on the spot. Airline service to Belgaum, Indian command center near Goa, was canceled, necessitating a 363-mile drive over rough roads from Bombay. Some newsmen flew into Goa from Karachi, it was reported, but were cut off when Indian planes bombed out their communications. Correspondents in Belgaum were promised regular briefings and transportation into Goa, but the briefings never materialized and the transportation was not provided. Not only that, but "some cameras were confiscated." Even after the invasion, newsmen who tried repeatedly to enter Goa were turned back because, according to Defense Minister Krishna Menon, "it was unsafe for journalists." Press briefings were held in New Delhi, it is true, but not in or near Goa.

Forbidding newsmen to enter an area—which the Portuguese have done in Angola—is, we submit, hardly the tactic to insure belief in a government's version of a controversial story. And India's entire handling of the Goan invasion is hardly likely to win any sympathy for its version of that affair. The Goan adventure may have been swept under the rug at the U.N., but we are afraid that if it stays there it can only become moldy and malodorous. Mr. Nehru should welcome impartial reporting on a situation he says is being misrepresented.

Jews and Christians

WHAT HAS it done to us, to have lived through the horror that was Nazism? On page 437 of this issue, a rabbi offers some desperately needed wisdom on the significance for man of this perhaps most monstrous evil in his history.

Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis, whose article "After the Trial—What?" appeared originally in the *National Jewish Monthly*, calls for a memorial in Israel to the untold thousands of non-Jews who suffered and died out of love for their Nazi-persecuted brethren. Rabbi Schulweis himself recounts dozens of such instances, not to try to mitigate what is so tragically beyond mitigation, not to soothe Christian sensibilities after the shocks and ugliness of the Eichmann trial, but simply to give "testimony which will correct the half-truth that man is capable only of hate and destruction," "to balance the moral asymmetry which has distorted the image of man."

Rabbi Schulweis is addressing himself primarily to Jews, of course, when he says that the Jewish people have a moral mandate to seek out the loving spirits who blessed those evil years, and to seek them with even greater zeal than the fiendish Nazi criminals. The Commonweal, also of course, reprints his words because of their importance for all of us, and certainly not as moral instruction for Jews. What Christian could be presumptuous and insensitive enough to moralize to Jews on the proper response to the unspeakable barbarities they have suffered?

"A Jew must know what and how to remember," writes Rabbi Schulweis. "A Jew must know what to tell his child." Yes. But perhaps even more, a Christian must know what and how to remember, must know what to tell his child. What is a Christian to tell his child of the cancer of Nazism that grew in the heart of Christian Europe? What is he to tell his child of the apathy of the Christian nations in the face of this evil? Indeed, what is he to tell his child of the extent to which Christian history over the centuries is defiled by anti-Semitism?

The answer to these questions must be the same as the answer of Rabbi Schulweis to the questions he puts to Jews, and that answer is: the truth, neither more nor less than the truth. We must tell our children of the depths of viciousness and sinfulness into which any and all of us may fall. This is a fact of the human condition. But at the same time we must teach our children to look without flinching at the face of evil which tragically often peers at us out of the mirror of history. For this is only one of the facts of our condition, and if there is anything more crippling than the denial of man's capacity for sin it is despair and paralysis in the realization of that capacity.

We know too well that there is sin and terror in the world, but there is also, as Rabbi Schulweis insists, "kindness and charity . . . bravery and love to heal men." Man sins, to be sure, but he fulfills himself in love; his promised destiny is love. Let us accept the lesson of the Nazi evil, then, and accept it without equivocation and self-deception; but as Rabbi Schulweis asks, let it be the whole lesson. There was darkness, but also there was light that shined in the darkness, and was not swallowed up by the darkness.

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Hedging Our Bets

THE LONG-PROMISED government booklet on fall-out shelters has at last been made available. No one could claim it makes pleasant reading, but I think it was a very good idea to publish it.

During the week in which the shelter booklet was issued, the steadfastly Republican N.Y. *Herald Tribune* said that the "Kennedy Administration has jolted the American people out of their apathy toward civil defense." This is, it seems to me, an extraordinarily kind interpretation. The initial statements on shelters made by Mr. Kennedy were enough to scare the country half to death, at a time when neither the President nor anyone else in Washington had any clear-cut proposals to offer. The result, understandably enough, was complete confusion and in some quarters near-panic.

To my mind, the present booklet goes a long way toward repairing this damage. Originally the preparation of the shelter booklet was in the hands of editors-on-loan from Henry Luce. What they produced, however, was described by a Pentagon spokesman as "about seventy-five per cent Time Inc.," and in the end their effort was rejected.

The booklet now issued is written in scrupulously non-sensational government prose, clearly intended to minimize the horror of its subject matter. In fact, critics are sure to charge that the booklet is completely misleading, precisely on this score, and they will have a certain point. If the United States is plastered from coast to coast with Mr. Khrushchev's 50-megaton horror bombs, a little sandbag shelter in the basement will not help much.

Judging from this booklet, though, civil defense officials are well aware of this fact. They do not claim that home shelters or, indeed, most community shelters would protect us from a 50-megaton bomb, and it seems to me their efforts should be judged within the limited terms on which they advance them.

Indeed, to me the most striking thing about the government's fallout booklet lies exactly in the modesty of its claims. "There is," the booklet declares on its first page, "no panacea for protection from nuclear attack. In a major attack upon our country, millions of people would be killed. There appears to be no practical program that would avoid large-scale loss of life. But an effective program of civil defense could save the lives of millions who would not otherwise survive."

The key word is fallout. The shelters discussed are not designed for protection against a direct hit by a nuclear bomb, even of a "small" one, or against the fire storms that might follow nuclear attack. They are designed to protect against fallout alone.

The booklet discusses the effects of five-megaton bombs, on the theory that these are the heaviest Soviet missiles can now carry. A bomb of this size produces instant radiation that will kill within a mile or two of the blast site, and the heat rays that go with the blast can kill the unprotected up to two miles away. Exploded at ground level, a five-megaton bomb would leave a crater two hundred feet deep and half a mile across. Nearly everything within the radius of at least a mile of the explosion would be totally destroyed. Then the fallout would start, and here and only here do the shelters come in.

Five miles from the explosion site, the heavier initial fallout would reach the ground in about half an hour. Twenty miles away, people would have nearly an hour to take shelter, and one hundred miles away, five to six hours. It is this fallout which carries with it the greatest short-range radiation danger. A family in a shelter could survive it; a family without shelter would die.

It is clear from the booklet that the Administration is now convinced that the community or neighborhood shelter has distinct advantages over the individual family shelter. Its program for planning and spending is clearly slanted in that direction. At the same time it recognizes that some families, especially in isolated areas, would need or want their own shelters, and detailed plans for such shelters, some of them costing as little as $150, will be available in a few weeks.

Furthermore, it is clear that the Administration's shelter program represents a compromise. "It is my considered judgment," Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara writes, "that this is a reasonable and prudent program—and that it is the best program we can have, measured against the priorities of our national life." This seems to me a clear and unexceptionable statement of a public policy which I would support, although some of my editorial colleagues might not.

For my part, I would not favor an all-out attempt to put our civilization underground, and I certainly do not favor a program that would give people any illusion of nuclear invincibility, for this would be sheer madness. But the present modest proposal, it seems to me, suffers from neither danger. Instead, it poses a relatively simple choice.

If the unthinkable does occur and nuclear war happens, we might under favorable conditions save fifty million or more lives by means of a fallout shelter program. Should we, therefore, undertake such a program? I grant that I don't know what kind of world the survivors would find when they emerged, but I would still vote yes.

JAMES O'GARA

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Harold C. Hinton

Tiger at the Gate

Why did the Chinese Communists act in a way certain to alienate Indian and other Asian good will?

BEHIND THE headlines on Goa, that hardy perennial the controversy over the Sino-Indian boundary is in full bloom again. Until 1959, it will be remembered, the Indian attitude toward Communist China, in spite of some disturbing influences, was on the whole euphorically favorable. Only a few Indians, among them Prime Minister Nehru, realized how difficult the Chinese Communists were to deal with, but even they continued to cherish the hope that sweet reasonableness on the Indian side would in time evoke its counterpart on the Chinese.

Since 1959, however, Indian anger over Chinese behavior in Tibet and along the frontier has risen so high as to reverse the previously favorable image of Communist China in Indian minds, except that the Government of India continues to urge its admission to the United Nations. The dispute's effects on Asian international relations, already considerable, promises to become greater still.

The key question obviously is, why did the Chinese Communists, consciously or not, act in a way certain to alienate so much Indian and other Asian good will? The answer is a complicated one which must begin with some facts of history and geography.

Until the British evacuation of India in 1947 and the Communist seizure of power in China in 1949, the exact location of the Sino-Indian frontier aroused little interest in either country. The areas through which it runs are mountainous, sparsely populated, and seemingly at least of little strategic importance in the era of the airplane. A number of agreements defining sections of the frontier were signed from time to time by various authorities on both sides, but they are of little historic importance and of doubtful legal validity. The most ambitious effort at delimitation was the Simla Convention of 1914, in which the (British) Government of India and the indigenous authorities of Tibet, which the British recognized as being under Chinese suzerainty, agreed on the location of the southern boundary of Tibet. The Chinese government, which was represented at Simla, refused to ratify the convention, but because it objected to the boundary between Tibet Proper and Inner Tibet, not because it objected to the boundary between Tibet and India, which is known as the McMahon Line.

THE LEGAL validity of the McMahon Line is distinctly questionable. In 1922 a map which was appended to the proceedings of the Washington Conference, and which the Government of India consistently fails to publish along with the maps that tend to support its position, showed the area immediately to the south of the McMahon Line, known as the Northeast Frontier Agency, as being under Tibetan administration. After 1925 maps and atlases published by the Chinese Nationalists began to show the Northeast Frontier Agency and a large part of the Ladakh region of Kashmir, bordering on the junction between Tibet and Sinkiang, as Chinese territory. No one in India seems to have gotten excited then, because the Chinese Nationalists were in no position to enforce their claim. The Chinese Communists, however, who claim a virtually identical frontier, are in such a position.

After 1950 the Government of India became uneasily aware that Chinese Communist maps, like their Nationalist predecessors, were committing what it regarded as cartographic imperialism against the two regions already mentioned by including them in "People's China." Indian protests elicited only the comment that the Peking regime had been so busy with other things that it had had no time to revise its maps. Without actually saying so, Chou En-lai allowed Nehru to think that there was no real difference of opinion as to the location of the border.

Few Indians seem to know, and still fewer will admit, that even before 1959 India had in effect ceded a sizable portion of northern Kashmir to Sinkiang by dropping the frontier as shown on Indian maps, at one point by as much as fifty miles, below the line shown as the boundary in British and other Western atlases.

A map published in Peking in 1957 jolted New Delhi more than ever. It showed not only the usual Chinese version of the frontier but a recently completed high-

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way across the Aksai Chin Plateau in Ladakh, connecting western Tibet with western Sinkiang. The Government of India sent patrols to investigate; they confirmed the existence of the highway and discovered that Chinese troops were in at least intermittent occupation of the Aksai Chin Plateau. There were a few patrol clashes in this area during 1958. On December 14, 1958, Nehru wrote a letter of protest to Chou En-lai and received the reply that the McMahon Line was invalid and that the entire Sino-Indian frontier remained to be delimited. India's northern frontier, which it had long regarded as dormant, had come to life again.

THE YEAR 1958 also saw the Peking regime launch its Great Leap Forward and a tougher policy toward its three main foreign problems, the United States, the Soviet Union, and the neutrals. The first several months of 1959 witnessed an apparent improvement in East-West relations and a Soviet effort to gain further good will in the neutral underdeveloped countries by extending additional aid and winking at anti-Communist actions by some of their governments. These trends undoubtedly outraged the Chinese Communists and contributed, in combination with the Tibetan crisis, to their decision to raise the temperature of the Sino-Indian border controversy from a simmer almost to the boiling point.

For some time Peking had been intensifying its pressures against rebellious Khamba tribesmen in Inner Tibet. Some of them were forced westward into Tibet Proper, thus involving the Lhasa area for the first time in something more than passive resistance to the Chinese and mere sympathy for the Khambas. Early in March 1959, demonstrations in Lhasa against the impending departure of the Dalai Lama for the risky halls of Peking led to Chinese military repression and the Dalai Lama's flight, not to Peking but to India. The only foreign country with a consulate in Lhasa at the time was India, and its officials and merchants in Tibet promptly began to be harassed by the Chinese. Once in India, the Dalai Lama received a hearty welcome from all sections of opinion but the Communists, and public feeling over Tibet ran high. During a demonstration a portrait of Mao Tse-tung was pelted with tomatoes and eggs. To match the genuine popular demonstrations in India, patently synthetic demonstrations and protests erupted in Communist China.

As if the Chinese Communists did not have, by their own standards, enough cause for irritation already, they began to discern signs of an effort by India to manipulate the Soviet Union to its own advantage and to some extent against China. On May 15, 1959, an Indian economic delegation arrived in Moscow, and on July 30 it received a preliminary Soviet commitment to a $378 million credit to India. On the next day, the Government of India threw out of office the Communist government that had come to power in the State of Kerala in 1957. At about the same time, the Indian Army made a determined though unsuccessful effort to secure the dismissal of the leftist Defense Minister, Krishna Menon. Whether or not these episodes displeased the Russians—and there is little visible evidence that they did—there was no hitch in the implementation of the Soviet credit to India already mentioned. All this must have annoyed the Chinese Communists more than ever at both India and the Soviet Union, and their anger was compounded by the knowledge that Khrushchev was scheduled to visit the United States in September.

Ever since the Lhasa rising in March, guerrilla fighting had been going on in Tibet Proper, and several thousand Tibetans had crossed the frontier into Nepal and India, expecting in most cases to get arms somehow and then return to Tibet. To Peking it seemed essential to deter India from providing such arms and to demonstrate to those Tibetans still in Tibet the fact that India was powerless to help them. Beyond that, it might be possible to humiliate the Nehru government enough to bring about its fall, or to force it to outlaw the Indian Communist Party, thereby producing the kind of militant confrontation between the "national bourgeoisie" and the party of the "proletariat" that Peking tends to prefer.

ON AUGUST 7, 1959, one week after the defenestration of the Kerala Communists, Chinese Communist troops staged the first of a series of incidents near the McMahon Line. The best known and most important of these incidents occurred on August 25, when the Chinese occupied Longju, a check post established by the Indian border police the previous spring to help control the influx of Tibetan refugees. Longju lies south of the McMahon Line, but true to their usual tactic of lying whenever convenient and presenting an ambiguous challenge whenever desirable the Chinese have claimed that it lies north of the line. Thus they consistently, even if not truthfully, insist that India had been trespassing on Chinese soil when it originally occupied Longju.

While anger mounted in India and Indian Army units began to move toward the McMahon Line, Chou En-lai

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resumed his correspondence with Nehru on September 8, reiterating and elaborating his earlier statement that the entire frontier was undelimited and at once rejecting the McMahon Line and accusing India of violating it by occupying Longju. Nehru's detailed rebuttal of September 26 made it clear that he stood by the McMahon Line. It remained to be seen, however, whether he was equally determined to stand firm in Ladakh. There, on October 21, the most serious Sino-Indian shooting incident to date, in which nine Indian border police or bearers were killed, one fatally wounded, and ten taken prisoner by Chinese troops, took place. Public opinion in India was outraged, but Nehru confined his immediate and discernible response to protests through diplomatic channels and indignant speeches in Parliament.

It must have seemed to the Chinese that there was at least a chance that Nehru could be induced to compromise. In Chou En-lai's next note, which probably by design he dated November 7, the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, he proposed that each side refrain from sending troops into a zone extending twenty kilometers in each direction from the existing de facto line in Ladakh, and from the McMahon Line in the east. This would have the effect of leaving the Northeast Frontier Agency under Indian control, and the area through which the Chinese highway in Aksai Chin ran under Chinese control.

By this time many elements of Indian public opinion, with the Praja Socialists in the van, were in full cry against Nehru for his indecisive handling of the frontier dispute. Whatever Nehru's own feelings about Chou's proposed compromise, it was politically impossible for him to do anything but reject it and to assign the responsibility for protecting the frontier to the Indian Army, which he did. He demanded a Chinese evacuation of Longju and a mutual evacuation of the disputed area in Ladakh. His only concession was to express his willingness to talk with Chou in the near future. Chou then proposed talks on December 26, Mao Tse-tung's birthday, in either China or Burma. In return Nehru suggested New Delhi in the second half of March, 1960, and Chou finally agreed to come in April.

Late in April Chou arrived in New Delhi, but his talks with Nehru produced little but a reiteration of the respective proposals of the preceding November and an agreement that subordinate officials of both governments would continue the talks. These broke up in Rangoon in December, having accomplished nothing beyond a lengthy repetition of the two irreconcilable positions. Meanwhile, both sides continued to strengthen their frontier defenses, the Indians buying transport aircraft and helicopters from the Soviet Union for this purpose.

Considering how little concrete harm it has yet caused, the Sino-Indian border dispute has had surprisingly widespread repercussions, perhaps the most interesting of which has been the Soviet reaction, conveyed first in *Tass* in September 1959 and then by Khrushchev himself in October. It consisted of a declaration of neutrality in the dispute, of regret that it had arisen, and of a hope that it would be settled by negotiation. There was a strong implication that the Chinese, since they were responsible for bringing the dispute to a head, were in the wrong. When he visited Peking at the end of September, after his trip to the United States, Khrushchev pointedly told his evidently unenthusiastic Chinese hosts that the stability of the capitalist world ought not to be tested by force. Meanwhile, his aid program to India continued.

AMERICAN reaction was to a great extent parallel to the Soviet. In mid-November 1959, while deploring the use of force by the Chinese Communists, Secretary Herter indicated American neutrality on the merits of the border dispute—an attitude which, for all the adverse response it received in India, was perhaps the only possible one.

The Tibetan crisis evoked, and the border incidents intensified, demands in both India and Pakistan for an improvement in mutual relations in the face of the common danger. A considerable improvement, including a delimitation of the previously disputed Indo-Pakistani frontier and an agreement on division of the Indus waters, did in fact occur during the ensuing months, but it stopped short of a Kashmir settlement and an agreement for joint defense of the frontier as proposed by President Ayub. The Chinese Communists were not without cards to play in this game. Unlike the Russians they had never alienated the Pakistani by taking the Indian side in the Kashmir dispute. On the other hand Chinese claims on any part of Kashmir were a matter of concern to Pakistan. Peking chose to put psychological pressure on India and to help keep Pakistan from cooperating more actively with India on the frontier issue by conducting secret, and to date inconclusive, talks with Pakistan on the status of the Sino-Kashmiri frontier.

Although much less directly involved than India or Pakistan and although under Soviet protection to a greater extent than India, Afghanistan has also felt a concern in the Sino-Indian border dispute. In September 1959, Foreign Minister Naim of Afghanistan visited Peking, where it seems safe to assume he tried to sound Chinese intentions with respect to the entire Himalayan region and perhaps put himself forward as a possible mediator in the border dispute. While Naim was in China, Chou En-lai wrote his first letter to Nehru since the border dispute had become acute. Naim returned to Kabul just in time to receive a visit from Nehru, who replied to Chou a few days afterward. Since then, having apparently done what it could, Afghanistan has bowed out of the dispute, without necessarily taking its eyes off it.

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Like India, Nepal received a substantial influx of Tibetan refugees after the Lhasa crisis of April 1959, and it too has been subjected to boundary pressures by Communist China. Nehru, who has long been concerned over Nepal's vulnerability to Chinese penetration, promised it protection against invasion in November 1959. While maintaining the pressure against Nepal at a fairly low level, however, presumably for its salutary psychological effect, the Chinese also began to extend the hand of friendship. The preliminary border agreement of March 1961, which was rather favorable to Nepal, was supplemented by a free gift of twenty-one million dollars and followed in October 1961 by the signing of an apparently definitive boundary treaty.

Peking practiced cartographic imperialism not only against India, to a degree Nepal, and perhaps Pakistan, but also against Bhutan, portions of what bourgeois geographers regard as Bhutanese territory having long been shown as part of "People's China." Being at most only semi-independent and under informal Indian protection, Bhutan appealed as early as August 1959 for Indian support, which was promised in much the same way as to Nepal. Since then Peking has been trying to loosen the ties between India and Bhutan by offering to negotiate directly with Bhutan on their border dispute, but so far the Bhutanese have insisted that any settlement must be arranged through India.

Burma too was concerned at the flareup on the Sino-Indian frontier in 1959, since the McMahon Line includes a section of the Sino-Burmese border and since in any case other sections of that border had been in dispute since the late nineteenth century. At the end of January 1960, in one of his last and most important acts as Premier of Burma, General Ne Win succeeded in negotiating a preliminary boundary settlement with the previously obstructionist Chinese on surprisingly favorable terms. These included the apparent acceptance of the McMahon Line as the northern section of the boundary, but without naming it so as to avoid setting a precedent that would seem to require Chinese acceptance of the McMahon Line in its negotiations with India too. Early in 1961, after ratification of the final Sino-Burmese border settlement, India discovered to its annoyance that the McMahon Line as shown in the map appended to the treaty began the Indian sector of its journey at a point about eight miles farther south than the Indians considered correct. Nevertheless, the erection of boundary posts has proceeded along the Sino-Burmese sector of the line as defined in the treaty, Indian objections notwithstanding.

Finally, the Sino-Indian border dispute has of course had a substantial impact on the domestic Indian political scene. It has generated an unprecedented degree of national unity in the face of an external threat and an increased understanding of the nature and aims of Communism in general and Communist China in particular. It has even evoked a few demands, so far without effect, that India abandon its cherished neutrality for a pro-Western orientation. Although it does not seem to have had much effect as yet on the appeal of the Indian Communists to the electorate, it has placed the party in a very embarrassing position. Its upper ranks have been split on the border issue into two factions, one favoring support for the Chinese as fellow-Communists and the other favoring support for the Government of India as fellow-Indians, with Secretary General Ajoy Ghosh uneasily attempting to mediate between the two. Ghosh visited Moscow and Peking in the autumn of 1959, but he can hardly have been told much that was helpful in easing his predicament. In spite of Soviet efforts to restore its unity, the Indian Communist Party has remained split.

TO AN objective outsider it might well appear that the Sino-Indian border dispute, for all the excitement it has stirred up, is not a very important question. Apart from the sporadic use of force by the Chinese Communists, the dispute is of a political rather than of a legal or ethical character, and a reasonable attitude toward its merits on the part of a detached observer would seem to be one of non-alignment. The areas in dispute have only an emotional significance, except in the event that the Chinese Communists decided to attempt an invasion of India through them. This would be a very difficult and risky operation, however, with a questionable return even if successful, and in spite of occasional menacing rumors it does not seem to be a very likely eventuality at present.

To leave it at that, however, would be to underestimate the problem. The Chinese Communists almost certainly aspire to dominate, sooner or later and in one way or another, preferably without war, the entire mountain region from the Karakoram to Burma, including Ladakh, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan, and the Northeast Frontier Agency. Since the inhabitants of this region are predominantly lamaist by religion and tend to look to Lhasa for spiritual guidance, the Dalai Lama would be a valuable asset to the Chinese Communists if he were still in their hands. Assuming that the present Dalai Lama remains abroad and his colleagues at home do not attempt to depose him, his death would presumably give the Chinese the opportunity to manipulate the choice of a pliable successor who would stay safely in Lhasa under their control.

Eventually, from politico-military bases in the mountains overlooking the North Indian Plain, and if possible in collaboration with the Indian Communists, Peking may hope to intensify its pressures on India by methods as drastic as seem safe and fruitful at the time. This is surely not a prospect that India or the rest of the non-Communist world can afford to contemplate with indifference.

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LANCELOT C. SHEPPARD

A Saint by Any Other Name

Philomena and the pious imagination

NOW THAT some of the excitement aroused by the demotion of Philomena has died down it is time, perhaps, for an appraisal of the situation. We can now draw some conclusions from the Church's action in declaring that one who for a century and more had been reputed a saint was no longer to enjoy this title. As a result of the decree all the evidence for the existence of Philomena has been examined in countless periodicals; there is no need to go into it again here. But some of the questions that many are asking can be usefully considered. Did the Church make a mistake in canonizing Philomena? Who is next on the list? And so on.

In the first place, no mistake was made in the case of Philomena for the simple reason that she was never canonized. A body was found in a tomb; on insufficient evidence it was assumed that it was a saint's body and a name was contrived (again on insufficient evidence) to go with the body. No canonization process ever took place. On the evidence and according to the state of knowledge at that time it was assumed that the body of a virgin martyr had been discovered. Therefore the faithful were allowed to venerate her as such. It all depended on the evidence and as early as the end of the last century strong doubts were cast upon the interpretation of this scanty evidence. To those acquainted with the facts of the case the prohibition to venerate Philomena as a saint came as no surprise.

Canonizations are infallible decrees of the Church but before conclusions are drawn from that statement it is well to be clear what it means. Only since 1634, when the present method of canonization came into force, has the Church given an infallible decision on the holiness of those canonized. The history of canonization is a long and tangled one; here we need only recall its salient points.

The first saints, after those of the New Testament, were the early martyrs. If men or women gave their lives for Christ the date of the deaths was carefully noted and their anniversaries kept with some solemnity. They were known as saints by the very fact of their martyrdom and the recording of their anniversaries provided the first list of saints. After all, that is what canonization means literally: inclusion in the list, the *canon,* of saints. Next, those who had suffered for Christ, but had not been martyred, came to be venerated. They had confessed Christ before man, and so the title of confessor came into being. At a still later date it fell to the bishop of the diocese to declare that one who had died in the reputation of holiness was a saint in the accepted meaning of the term.

During the Middle Ages canonization came to be reserved to the pope, but he proceeded on the evidence supplied by the local bishop. As the years went by and records were lost it sometimes happened that the remains of a martyr, or what were thought to be the remains of a martyr, were discovered hundreds of years after his or her death. Veneration of the person concerned was allowed without what had hitherto been required, the testimony of contemporary witnesses to death and burial consistently handed down by unbroken tradition.

It was Urban VIII who, in 1634, introduced what are substantially the rules for canonization as they now apply. A searching examination is made of the life and virtues of the candidate for canonization and it is only when this has been satisfactorily concluded that the canonization can take place.

COULD WHAT has happened with Philomena be repeated in the case of some other "saint"? Certainly not with any duly canonized saint, nor with any saint whose claim to that title depends on a canonization that was previous to 1634. But there are cases of saints whose name and life-story we know but of whose canonization no record exists (because the documents have been lost). All we have to go on is the tradition that they were canonized; in this case it is the tradition that has to be examined. But there are other cases entirely outside these categories, of names that have been included in lists of saints through error.

In the abstract, to those unacquainted with these things, that seems difficult to account for; that it can happen can best be illustrated by a look at the Roman Martyrology. The Martyrology is a liturgical book, one of the official books of the Roman rite. It is read publicly wherever the divine Office is said in choir. The day's portion begins with the announcement of the age of the moon followed by short entries first of the feast kept liturgically and then of the saints whose anniversaries occur on that day. The book is a catalogue of the saints of the Roman Church.

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The earliest martyrologies were principally lists of names (primarily of martyrs) with the place and date of their martyrdom—their heavenly birthday. As time went on short descriptions of the principal saints of the day were added until we have the form in which the entries now appear. More than the other books it has suffered from the errors of copyists—and naturally enough, since lists beget errors in copying more easily than a piece of prose. In the medieval editions it was not uncommon for groups of martyrs to be given under the wrong place names or day of the month, or indeed the wrong month; for long lists of names to be divided; or names of places and persons to be mistaken for each other or so misspelt as to be unrecognizable; for copyists to add details of their own invention. In our present book we have inherited a host of such errors, and indeed some were unintentionally perpetrated by the latest revisor, Fr. Pasquale Brugnani, O.F.M., (1869-1931).

In the coming revision of the liturgical books it is likely that a wholesale rearrangement of the Martyrology will take place. If, as is very likely, the names of some saints are expunged from it, then we shall have more instances of what has happened with Philomena (though Philomena does not, in fact, appear in the book). The most recent form (1960) of Breviary and Missal has already deleted names from the calendar (and Martyrology).

The fact that the Martyrology is still in urgent need of revision can be seen from the entry for December 19th (one example among many). There will be found listed Timothy, Nemesius, Darius, Zosimus, Paul and Secundus, Cyriacus, Secundus, Meuris, Thea, Aduta, Fausta, and others. In every case there is an error either of name, place of martyrdom, or date of anniversary; in some there is more than one of these errors. Adjuta is pure fiction as is Fausta. Some entries are far worse: the entry for St. Barlaam and St. Josaphat (November 27th) is founded on "a purely imaginative romance about two saints who never existed, but its source is now recognized as being the legend of Siddartha Buddha" (*Butler's Lives of the Saints*). In cases like these it can hardly be said that the Church will "unmake" a saint. She will merely delete from her lists names that have crept in by error.

IT HAS been urged that things of this sort should be passed over in silence lest scandal be caused to the faithful. This was mentioned at the time of the Philomena excitement. On the contrary, it requires to be said quite clearly that it is an urgent task to abolish as far as possible such errors of fact from the worship of the Church and the books written for the instruction of the faithful. In these days when the whole ethos of the times is toward authenticity, the notion that the Church may seem to honor bogus saints, or to hold up for the admiration of her members untrue legends, is a hindrance and a scandal to many inside and outside the Church.

It has been said that the history of Christian spirituality in the West is strewn with the discarded devotions that for a time were in vogue. Men nowadays are not so avid for legends and marvels as were their forebears in medieval times. Yet one still encounters among otherwise devout Catholics all sorts of extraordinary things which are made, so to say, the touchstone of orthodoxy. Because a writer produced a book on Teresa Neumann of Konnersreuth pointing out that phenomena such as those allegedly connected with her were not *necessarily* of supernatural origin the writer was treated to a campaign of vilification by fellow Catholics. Not long ago there was in circulation in America one leaflet which, after giving a summary and entirely imaginary life of St. Expedit ("he was martyred in the fourth century under Diocletian") offered the information that he is "invoked in urgent cases." Now it seems certain that the name Expeditus (that is its form in the Martyrology on April 19th) is a copyist's error and that no martyr of this name ever existed. One is left wondering at the ingenuity of those who can concoct not only a summary life but a litany.

To read some of the popular collections of lives of the saints is to encounter many another instance of the same sort. We can be sure that the present reform as it gets under way will deal with things of this kind and that the case of Philomena is only a beginning. After all, saints are the Christians' heroes: they are for our encouragement, imitation or admiration and it betrays an odd state of mind when, leaving aside the authentic saints, Catholics pay more attention to legendary figures of whom nothing is known or of whom it can be said quite certainly that they never existed. Some superstitions and credulities seem almost inevitable in a religion which strikes deep, but they are not to be encouraged. On the contrary.

Autumn

(after Rainer Maria Rilke)

The leaves are falling, falling from afar,
as though from withered gardens in the sky;
they fall with gestures of denial.

And night's heavy earth is falling,
from all the stars into a loneliness.
We all are falling. This hand falls.
Look everywhere: It is in us all.

And yet, there is one who holds this falling
forever in his gentle hands.

ALAN GOLDFARB

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NAT HENTOFF

By Common Dissent

The growing cooperation between pacifists and anti-segregationists

LAST MONTH, at the home of a Quaker in Greenwich Village, New York, the Reverend Michael Scott delivered a talk to a meeting of heterogeneous dissenters. Mr. Scott, an Anglican, is associated with Bertrand Russell in the direction of the Committee of One Hundred, that arm of British nuclear pacifism which is committed to civil disobedience for purposes of strategy as well as conscience. Since 1948, Mr. Scott has also been the spokesman at the United Nations for the Herero tribe of South West Africa in their unyielding objections to the unbenevolent paternalism of South Africa.

In the Greenwich Village audience were representatives of various groups of American radical pacifists as well as several Negro workers with CORE and the NAACP. The audience symbolized a still groping but growing urge toward a fuller degree of cooperation between our two groups of domestic nonviolent action squadrons, those unconvinced by the nuclear "deterrent" and those involved in shattering segregation.

Since the end of the last war, there has been continual interaction between the two forces. Out of the non-denominational, pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation have come such strategists of civil rights projects as James Farmer, now head of CORE, and Bayard Rustin, an exceptionally resourceful former adviser to Martin Luther King and a confidant of A. Philip Randolph in addition to his current responsibilities with the War Resisters League. Yet most of the participants in the sit-ins and Freedom Rides, white and Negro, have understandably focused solely on the specific social dislocations necessary to destroy at least the surface structure of segregation. Many of them, as radical pacifists have discovered, are otherwise middle class in background and aspirations.

At the evening for Mr. Scott, A. J. Muste, who has been primarily responsible for the application of Gandhian methods in this country in both pacifist and desegregation cadres, outlined the next stage of dissent. "If the civil rights movement is not going to be superficial," said Mr. Muste, "it has to link up with the movement against war. And radical pacifists must realize in turn that they are undertaking a revolution, because if general disarmament ever does begin, the world will have to become organically changed economically and sociologically."

Mr. Scott listened approvingly, having earlier given the meeting some details about how the fusion of nonviolent action groups in Britain is being accomplished. He had expressed British indebtedness to Muste and Rustin, who have provided advice from the beginning, and he went on to explain that he and Bertrand Russell counsel civil disobedience, as do the American direct actionists, as the best way to break through the barriers of communication in the press and on television. American demonstrators, however, have long envied the British capacity to bring out many more prospective prisoners than can be assembled here, and Mr. Scott pointed out that one effective organizing method has been to guarantee a recruit that at least two thousand other people were going to take the same risk. "In that way," he added, "we can assure those involved that the demonstration will be effective. We cannot resist war and injustice with just a few, no matter how saintly or courageous they may be. I do not think it was part of Christ's gospel that the world would be saved automatically or that He would save it automatically. The assumption was that mankind would respond."

In London, representatives of the Committee of One Hundred take pledge forms and go in search of mankind in bars, coffee houses, and other gathering places. There are also more picaresque responses as in the nuclear pacifists' illicit radio station which begins operating on the channel of a television station once the latter bids its listeners goodnight. "The station," says Mr. Scott with characteristically understated satisfaction, "has caused a certain amount of interest. It has to move about, of course."

MEANWHILE, the concept of the Committee of One Hundred has spread to several other countries, including Scandinavia, and will soon have branches in Asia and Africa. "Ultimately," the British clergyman emphasizes, "we want to link ourselves with the noncommitted states in an international movement against nuclear war."

In America, organizing methods among the dissenters have been much more tenuous and diffuse. The remarkable element in the growth of domestic protest in recent months has been the spontaneous and diversely based movements of mothers, college professors, stu-

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dents, artists, and even Hollywood stars against the balance of terror. One expects the Quakers to tax themselves one per cent of their incomes, as many have done, to provide donations to the United Nations for peace work—$60,000 in the past year. But the rising of previously unaffiliated mothers in particular has been startling to the most sanguine of the veteran pacifists. Perhaps the most succinct summary of the irrepressible motivation for these women's marches is a letter by an Ohio woman to *Newsweek*, in which she tells of her sixteen-year-old son's decision not to get married because he is certain there will be a nuclear war. "When I asked him why he was so sure . . . he said it was just like his football team: 'You don't think we would practice and practice for a football game and then not play it, do you?'"

A week-long General Strike for Peace in New York is scheduled for Jan. 29, supported by such previous non-joiners as actors, editors, book-store owners, writers, painters, small businessmen, and the mothers again. In colleges, the student committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy has nearly three thousand members in forty-five chapters while the more aggressive Student Peace Union counts twelve hundred dues-paying students on seventy-five campuses. Though operating on thin resources, both organizations are gathering support among their slowly awakening classmates, and they are being helped by the counterpoise of such spear carriers for Goldwater as the Young Americans for Freedom. On his return from a cross-country speaking tour during which he appeared at many colleges, Michael Harrington advised radical students in *New America*: "Get yourself a Young Americans for Freedom chapter! Most YAF groups are fairly ineffective, but they are an absolute tonic for the Left. They personalize and make particular the inanities of radical reaction. Every courtesy should be extended to their organizational efforts."

DISSENT is also increasingly stirring in high schools, and not only among the more skeptical teenagers in the big cities. Scarsdale, for example, is one of the plumpest suburbs of New York. Recently, eight students at the local high school—with an average age of fifteen—issued a "magazine of student opinion" titled STAKE (Students Taking Action on Key Events). The articles are anti-Communist, pro-Freedom Rides, chillingly exact on the effects of nuclear warfare, and more responsible and searching than the majority of editorialists and columnists in the professional press.

In Scarsdale High School's official publication *Perspective*, there are also thoughtfully developed pieces in favor of Federal aid to education, India's neutrality, and against "the fallacy of fall-out shelters." And in *Survival or Extinction*, a Scarsdale girl wonders "how much more barbaric people will become if the bomb is dropped. One also questions the value of an immediate death, or if there is survival, would it be better to be turned loose in a monstrous, retrogressive society?"

It is no wonder that some adults are getting edgy. In Norwalk, Connecticut, the Superintendent of Schools has asked teachers not to initiate discussions on nuclear war in class. Pressure had been placed on him by parents who thought the subject was making their progeny "unnecessarily apprehensive." The Norwalk policy now is to tell a student with a question about the bomb that he has certainly brought up an important subject and perhaps the class can talk about it later in the year. In New York, eight youngsters were arraigned after police had hauled them away from a silent vigil before the building housing the Russian delegation to the United Nations. They were protesting Soviet resumption of tests. The verdict was not guilty, but the judge was sufficiently troubled to grumble, "These people are all wrapped up in their ideals. I had them once too, but you lose them one by one."

As a corollary to this extraordinary if fragmentized ferment around the country, the peace movement has been covered in the press during the past six months with unprecedented frequency and fairness. The New York *Times* has been especially diligent in chronicling the various signs of dissent; and in December, as unexpected a source as *Mademoiselle* carried a long interview with Robert Pickus, a veteran radical pacifist who founded Acts for Peace to organize pockets of resistance in northern California and is now extending the idea nationally. The magazine also published a list and description of all the important peace organizations along with urgent advice by the editors to study the issues and join one of the groups because "alone, we feel helpless; but when we find others with whom we can think and speak and work, something *can* be done."

YET ONLY a few of the young or the older peace workers have fully realized that as Norman Thomas has said—although he and his Socialist Party appear to have lost sight of the dictum—"It's by politics that we'll have peace or war in the end, no matter how much good will is diffused." Gradually, however, members of direct action movements *are* emerging who are convinced that the next stage of dissent must be political. In London, the Committee of One Hundred plans to back candidates for Parliament on the basis of whether they're for or against disarmament. Here, Dr. Leo Szilard has established a Council for Abolishing War.

Szilard intends to raise $25,000,000 a year with which to lobby, and expects to start with a membership of fifty thousand students. He thinks the Council can accumulate half a million members within a year; and according to the New York *Times* (a sizable story on the top of page two on December 3), "he raised the possibility that the movement could grow to represent two million votes. He said it would use every form of

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personal and group lobbying to influence politicians and editors, columnists, television commentators and all others who help to influence public opinion. It would make direct contributions to political campaigns and would promise to deliver votes. Members would promise to vote solely on the 'issue of war and peace,' disregarding domestic issues."

Dr. Szilard may well be overly optimistic as to how many actual votes his Council can muster, but he has at least started to plan in a political direction, and there are signs that within the next year or two political techniques will increasingly supplement direct action demonstrations whether through Szilard's organization or through a combination of presently functioning civil rights and peace units.

The possibility of recruiting a large number of Negro actionists into such a political pressure unit remains exceedingly doubtful. If some do enlist, the expansion of goals is not unlikely to occur under the leadership of Martin Luther King, who has not indicated interest in going beyond desegregation campaigns except with regard to making it possible for more Negroes to vote. A significant shift of emphasis will take place, if it does at all, through the growing scope of several of the more charismatic student leaders in the south. A name to watch is Diane Nash, head of the southern Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

The Cranes

The cranes battled for a month,
The frogs.

The cranes, lofty on their legs—
Cathedrals, knives, osiers,
And the flight of birds—

Opposed their lives, their blood
Their weariness
Against the frogs.

Think of the froggish bones,
The parchment skin, the spots,
The savorless, moist flesh
Their throats endured.

Each and every crane, beautiful,
Arched, slim, sick
To death
Stooped for a month in water

Arching, songless, slim
As music stepping in the marsh
Against the frogs.

LEONARD WOLF

THE STAGE

Myth, Fact and T. E. Lawrence

SUCH EFFECTIVENESS as is possessed by "Ross," Terence Rattigan's play about Lawrence of Arabia, depends greatly upon factors that have more to do with history and legend than with dramatic art. That is to say, to come into the theater without either a body of knowledge or a set of strong impressions of the little Englishman who led the Arabs against the Turks in World War I and who at the height of his fame renounced it and withdrew into the obscurity of a common soldier's life is to have a highly insecure basis for response to the actions on the stage. Something exotic is here, something brutal, an aura of psychological crisis, an atmosphere of metaphysical investigation, civilized words, pathos and strange tenderness. But nothing is finally rescued, shaped and carried past the borders of life into that other more resonant kingdom.

And yet at the same time, for a person who does know or care about Lawrence, the play is more tantalizing than helpful; its weakness for the informed viewer is not that it offers an unconvincing explanation but that it fails to offer a convincing myth or, for that matter, the destruction of one. For Lawrence was all mystery, extravagant gesture and enigmatic motive, and he lives on at the center of a cloud of hero-worship that has generated its counter-cloud of debunking. And the real interest, the permanent one, resides less in Lawrence's person and history than in the nature of those two clouds and in what lay behind their formation, what they tell us about ourselves.

But "Ross" attempts to explain Lawrence, or at least to explain the area of his greatest mysteriousness—his flight from the world—and not to grapple with or really consider his phenomenon. It isn't an exhaustive effort, not even a very sustained one, but it's there and at the center of the drama. Which means that the drama really has no center at all. For if you make Lawrence's homosexuality the fulcrum of your play, as Rattigan does, you end up with a possible explanation in psychology and more remotely in history, but not with any substantial esthetic truth: not, that is, with the truth of the *relations* of psychology or history or anything else with that which cannot be delimited or impaled upon the intellect.

In 1922 Lawrence joined the RAF as a second-class airman under the assumed name of John Hume Ross. The discovery of his true identity precipitated an administrative crisis which ended by his being mustered out a year later. He then joined the army under the name of Shaw and remained there in comparative obscurity until his death in a motorcycle accident in 1935. Rattigan begins his play at the moment when Ross is

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exposed as the fabled wartime colonel, and ends it on the day of his separation from the RAF. The greater part of "Ross" is made up of flashbacks which depict the events of the war years in Arabia.

We are taken quickly through the establishment of Lawrence's position among the Arabs, his relationship with General Allenby, the British commander who gave his support to the strange young man's political and military ideas, and the growing awareness on the part of the Turks that he was a very great danger to them. Everything builds to the crucial scene in which Lawrence is captured, taken to the Turkish governor's headquarters and there turned over to soldiers to be beaten, tortured and, as one of Lawrence's biographers delicately puts it, "used in the Oriental way."

The scene is discreet enough. The action takes place off-stage, of course, and is handled with no unnecessary vulgarity or hyperbolic theatricality. If anything, it is peculiarly flat and under-exploited, especially in retrospect, when it becomes clear that the experience is to be made to account for Lawrence's subsequent flight from triumph and glory. The discovery, in these brutal and shameful circumstances, that he was in the depths of his nature a homosexual, resulted, Rattigan implies, in the creation of an overwhelming guilt, a sense of disqualification from future life and an anguished doubt about the motives for all his heroic actions.

All right. It doesn't matter that Rattigan advances as fact what historians mostly deny: that the Turks knew who Lawrence was. Nor does it matter that so much else in Lawrence's history and psychic life is ignored (his illegitimacy, his artist's nature or aspirations toward art). The real failure is that we aren't instructed in the nature of his homosexuality, or his dream of "action," or the pull toward asceticism or, above all, in the realities of heroism and hero-worship. At certain moments in the play these possibilities are present—when, for example, Lawrence murmurs something about his being a "kind of deserter," fleeing a certain "kind of battle." But mostly what we are given is a substance and texture only a few degrees above melodrama, on the one hand, and obscurantist psychologizing on the other.

There is nevertheless something forceful and rather compelling on this stage. It arises from a restrained yet quite vivid production and from a highly competent cast in which John Williams as Allenby and Anthony Nicholls as the diplomat, Storrs, stand out for precise and intelligent acting. But it is John Mills as Lawrence who gives the evening whatever memorable quality it has. Astonishingly small, pale, sandy-haired, very sharply outlined and self-possessed, he is more than just another skilful English actor. What he does with the unsatisfying role could only have been managed by someone of the resourcefulness of Olivier or Paul Scofield, if not of their range. There rises from his performance an emanation of agony, strife and mystical isolation in extremity which the audience can only receive humbly and with gratitude. *(At the Eugene O'Neill.)*

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Sauerkraut and Sukiyaki

JAMES CAGNEY, who can both impersonate George M. Cohan and push a grapefruit in a dame's face better than anyone, now shows he can deliver a line faster and louder and funnier than anyone except Bob Hope. Cagney is in top form in "One, Two, Three" (United Artists), shouting, wisecracking, and carrying on frenetically in this satire on life in Berlin in the summer of 1961. And producer-director Billy Wilder, who wrote the screenplay for this new comedy with I. A. R. Diamond, has given the hard-working actor plenty of jokes to race through—jokes and situations that kid equally the Americans, Germans and Russians.

As the West Berlin Coca-Cola representative, Cagney is loaded with ideas; ideas which include snappy negotiations with three Russian trade commissars (because there must be millions behind the Iron Curtain thirsting for the pause that refreshes) and plans for landing the top London post—even though this will mean his giving up his attractive German secretary (Lilo Pulver). Jimmy's wife (Arlene Francis) has a few plans of her own, foremost among which is getting back to the United States with their two children. All plans are upset, however, when the boss's daughter (Pamela Tiffin) arrives in West Berlin, becomes a nuisance for Cagney, and then becomes a real pain in his tough neck when she ups and marries a beatnik-type East Berlin Communist (Horst Buchholz). On this very slim plot are hung all the zany situations, slapstick, and verbal and visual gags.

The outdoor scenes were effectively photographed on location. While the jokes, some old-hat, some delightfully funny, and a few rather vulgar, keep the audience laughing, they come so fast, furious and loud, one can hardly remember anything afterwards except that everything was funny, if not too brilliant as satire. Movie-goers who saw "Ninotchka" some years ago may find some of the material familiar; Billy Wilder had a hand in the script for that spoof too. But as Wilder says of "One, Two, Three": "We are not trying to explore the political situation in depth. We are just trying to entertain, not stir up trouble. We can only hope that anyone seeing this picture will stop thinking about building fall-out shelters for the next three days." The humor in "One, Two, Three," however, isn't likely to stay with an audience for three days. They'll forget it as

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they come out of the theater; but even at that, laughter and Cagney's robust delivery are therapeutic.

ROSALIND RUSSELL, long one of my favorite actresses, has exhibited her versatility again and again—through her bright portraits in a series of hilarious comedies and through her skillful handling of more thoughtful roles in dramas like "Craig's Wife" and "Picnic." She has another opportunity to unfurl her talents in "A Majority of One" (Warner). In it she displays great warmth and sensitivity and sincerity as the middle-aged Jewish widow who goes from Brooklyn to Japan with her daughter and State Department son-in-law, conquers her prejudices, and is able eventually to reciprocate the respect and love offered to her by a distinguished and gentlemanly Japanese industrialist. It is not Miss Russell's fault that the picture doesn't come off; nor is it the fault of Alec Guinness who plays the Japanese industrialist extremely well.

The weaknesses of the movie version of "A Majority of One" stem partly from Leonard Spigelgass's original stage play which was little more than a charming, well-written soap opera spiced with a few liberal ideas on tolerance and interracial marriage. The first-rate performances of Gertrude Berg and Cedric Hardwicke made it all seem better than it was. Since playwright Spigelgass also wrote the screenplay, I suppose it meets with his approval; but his little, gentle play has now been expanded into a two-and-a-half-hour Technicolor commercial movie. Producer-director Mervyn LeRoy filmed his entire picture at Warner Brothers Studio, and while the sets are well-enough designed, the overall effect is confining.

In supporting roles, Mae Questel as the widow's Brooklyn neighbor, and Marc Marno, as a Japanese houseboy, manage to inject a little off-beat humor into the slow plot. And Miss Russell and Mr. Guinness are at their spellbinding best during the scene in which the widow calls on the industrialist at his attractive house. It is unfortunate that the movie shows us so much of Madlyn Rhue and Ray Danton as the widow's daughter and son-in-law; they are a rather snippy pair. Mama would be better off without them.

It is unfortunate that producer LeRoy didn't make "A Majority of One" into a little black-and-white picture, like those successful minor comedies the English turn out so well. Its welcome message about good interracial relations deserves airing; perhaps as well coated as this pill is with romance, it will attract large audiences. If the film had had any guts, however, and believed in what it is preaching, it might have cast a Jewish actress and a Japanese or Nisei in the lead roles. The film's title, by the way, comes from Thoreau: "Any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one." No doubt that's just what I am in my adverse report on the movie. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

OF NOTE

After Eichmann, What?

WITH THE PASSING of sentence on Adolph Eichmann, an article by Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis takes on special significance. Entitled "After the Trial—What?" it appeared in the July-August number of the *National Jewish Monthly* (55 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y., $1.50.) Substantial excerpts from Rabbi Schulweis's article follow:

Israel's role in the drama of judgment enacted before the world conscience carries with it the sacred responsibility of bringing the acts of atrocity and complicity before the court of justice. But having properly initiated this moral drama, we must complete it. After the trial ends, the verdict and its implementation carried out, there is something, central to its moral significance, left undone. There is something left unsaid which only Israel and the Jewish people can and must say and do. *History has a claim upon us to balance the moral asymetry which has distorted the image of man.*

The Eichmann trial has focused upon one aspect of the human condition. But there is another which our people knows, and without whose revelation the character of man is libeled; a sacred aspect of man's being to which our people must testify. We must testify to the acts of sacrifice of thousands of non-Jews who risked their lives to defend and protect the hunted and pursued of our people.

There is evidence of heroic compassion and saintliness which sanctifies the name of God and restores the dignity of man. The verified accounts of priests and ministers and nuns, of peasants and farmers and storekeepers who jeopardized their lives and the lives of their families to hide Jews in cellars, and ovens, in bunkers and hay lofts, must be declared. Their acts must be hallowed by the word and the deed of our people. Moral integrity demands its publicity for the sake of truth and for the sanity of the world.

It is strange that the acts of "Kiddush HaShem" are not known. The documents of courage and compassion lie diffuse, scattered in letters, diaries, memoirs, in private memories. Unless action be taken now, the world may well lose its key witness to the facts of godliness. Ironically, the curse against villainy—"yimach sh'mo v' zichro," "may its name and memory be erased"—is established against saintliness. For contemporary man will remember the face and name of Eichmann and Hitler, Himmler and Goering, Goebbels and Hess. But who will know the face and name of the "righteous people of the world"?

Who knows the names of the two families who hid and protected the family of Anne Frank, and were sent

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to the concentration camp? Who knows of the heroism of Antoni Jakubowski, a non-Jew in Bialystok, forcibly "proselytized" by the Nazis who gave him a Jewish passport with the name of Abraham Lewin, attached a Jewish armband with the Star of David to his sleeve, and sent him to the ghetto, for helping save Jews from death?

Who knows the heart of Anna Simaite, a Christian librarian, who lied to the authorities so that she could enter the Vilna Ghetto to save hundreds of Jewish children, to smuggle out information for those who could help the caged within, to forge passports to escape? Who knows this soul, who, though threatened by the Nazis, would not shut her eyes or stop up her ears or bind her hands, but who continued to rescue, save, to salvage until she was sentenced to death and thrown into Dachau. Having escaped to Toulouse after the war, she lived for many years as a penniless dishwasher. Then she received a letter from a woman now safe in a Kibbutz in Israel whom she had saved as a child, in the Vilna Ghetto: "My dear mother, when will you finally come to us?" Anna Simaite lives now in Petakh Tikva, Israel, with her "children."

Who knows the valorous charity of the sisters of a Benedictine convent, and a Mother Superior who smuggled Jewish leaders, writers and poets in and out of Vilna Ghetto, who supplied the Ghetto fighters with knives and bayonets and grenades?

Will the millions who have seen and heard the catalogue of human perversity reviewed at Eichmann's trial, see and know these ministers in Germany who prayed publicly for their country's defeat? Will they know the Michael Cardinal Faulhabers of Munich, the Bernard Lichtenbergs in Berlin, the Pastor Dehnstadts, the Niemollers, Landbischof Theophil Wurm, Heinrich Grueber and Herman Maas who cried out their anger and protest in the midst of the land of bestiality?

Will Jews and Christian be deprived of the knowledge of the sacred works of Mother Maria of Paris, the Russian nun who with a clandestine organization of Greek Orthodox priests, rescued scores of Jews, particularly children; and whose own son, Yuri, was taken as hostage and tortured to death to punish her saintliness? She herself was finally thrown into the Ravensbrueck camp where her last act was to exchange her precious "Aryan" card of identification with a Jewish woman chosen for the gas chamber.

Shall evil be recorded and made known, and goodness lie buried, silent in neglect? What of Edoardo Focherini, editor of the Bologna Catholic Daily, whose rescue of Jews cost him the lives of his seven children in a concentration camp? . . .

In every country on the European continent, in France and Italy, in Hungary and the Low Countries, in the Scandinavian States and in Eastern Europe, there are countless hundreds of women and men who deserve our love and must not be forgotton. A Jew must know how and what to remember. A Jew must know what to tell his child. A Jew must know what to tell the world.

Where are these heroes and martyrs? How do they fare and live today—if they live? Who has searched them out to record the circumstance of their acts of redemption, the spiritual grandeur which moved them to act, the depth of feeling which led to their consecrated commitment?

One painfully necessary act has been completed—testimony to the capacity of man to destroy. The other act must follow if the drama is to serve its full moral purpose. There is in the world terror and informing, and diabolical devices contrived to hurt men. But, more important, there is kindness and charity, there is bravery and love to heal men in this world. It is not enough to hunt down the fiendish criminal; the generous, loving spirits must be sought out from their tragic obscurity with even greater zeal. *In uprooting evil, need the good be buried neglected in the earth?*

I see it as a holy imperative for the Jewish people and Israel to create a "Mosad Chasidei Umot Ha-Olam"—an *Institute for the Righteous People of the World*: a testimony of godliness established in the Holy Land by a people whose career is founded on the belief that man was made in the image of God; a testimony which will correct the half-truth that man is capable only of hate and destruction; a building which will stand beside that of "Yad Vashem," the official center of documentation of Nazi genocide. . . .

This moral mandate is addressed to the Jewish people —more so than to any other—to complete the memory, to direct the sense of guilt to constructive ends. It is not a new task for the Jew to search out the deed of goodness and hallow it. Jewish integrity would not permit him to deny the reality of suffering and evil. Jewish morality would not have the phase of hate eclipse that of love. Even when afflicted, he believed, and confessed his sin that in haste he had declared "all men are corrupt" (Psalms 116). For to vilify man is to desecrate God.

"And if there be in a man sin deserving the judgment of death, and be put to death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt bury him that day; for he that is hanged is a degradation unto God, that thou defile not thy land which the Eternal thy God giveth thee for an inheritance" (Deut. 21:22). Of this, the Talmud comments: "It may be compared to the case of twin

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brothers who very closely resemble each other. One became King and the other was arrested for robbery and was hanged. Whoever saw him on the gallows thought that the King was hanged" (Sanhedrin 46b). God and man are twins. To distort man's image, is to twist the character of the Divine.

There is another advantage to the proposal. With respect to the conscience of the Christian, such a living memorial to human courage and benevolence is of supreme value. Left alone with the terrifying memories of the trial, there may well follow a generalized guilt. And presence of a sense of guilt is promise that conscience is alive. Guilt, however, is an ambivalent emotion. Out of context or in disproportion it can wreak vengeance on a conscience.

With sensitivity, Mr. Ben Gurion has cautioned against misplaced and misused guilt. Prior to the trial, he stated in an interview with the German Press Agency, "We are all responsible for our actions but we must not visit the crimes of the fathers upon the children." President Itzchak ben-Zvi condemning "blanket charges against an entire people," intervened in the publication of a new version of the El Molei Rachamim prayer which initially referred to those of Israel "killed by the Germans and their assistants," causing it to be emended to read "killed by the Nazis and their assistants." . . .

Man can bring the worst out of man. Unwittingly and falsely we may persuade him that the one-sided image is his essential character. But neither self-contempt nor the defensive projection of his guilt which follows on its heels is our intent.

The more muddy water is stirred, the darker grows its contents. The re-education of conscience demands the revelation of the genuine goodness in man. The Christian needs to know of Christian heroes in his time who acted with a magnificent altruism to protect the defenseless of another faith. The Christian needs a moral model of flesh and blood to be revered and emulated.

"With the left hand push him aside and with the right hand draw him near." Both acts are necessary to restore man's conscience.

After the trial—what? At this moment the world faces Jerusalem. History has thrust upon our people and upon Israel the authority of the "yeshivah shel mattah," the Earthly Tribunal. With the sanction of our people, we must make it possible to live and work together again with those who have transgressed. By completing the moral drama, and transforming guilt into constructive repentance, we will honor with the deepest reverence the memory of those we mourn. It is incumbent upon us to complete the work. We are not free from doing all we possibly can.

For more on this subject, see editorial, page 425.

BOOKS

Professed Christians in the Role of Pharisees

The Good Conscience. By Carlos Fuentes. Ivan Obolensky. $3.95.

by Thomas Curley

THIS IS one of the best new novels I have read in a long time, principally because it is short, simple and provoking. It provokes both thought and feeling, and these are long, complex and contrary.

As I read Mr. Fuentes' book a sentence of Orwell's kept coming to mind. When I finished, I looked it up. It is from *Looking Back On the Spanish War*: "The major problem of our time is the decay of the belief in personal immortality, and it cannot be dealt with while the average human being is either drudging like an ox or shivering in fear of the secret police." A lot could be written in comment on that; among other questions it may be asked in what sense such a "decay" is a *problem*. How soon (the essay is dated 1943) will the average human being cease to drudge or shiver? One hundred years? Five hundred? And, supposing that this average human being is free to confront his "major problem," how will his leisure and freedom from terror help him to deal with it? But, of course, in Orwell's view such questions are themselves attempts to deal with a problem which is insoluble in the present state of affairs.

Fuentes' novel is not such an attempt. He has written of Mexico, of Guanajuato in particular, which is to Mexico ". . . what Flanders is to Europe, the very core of a distinct style of life, and the preservation in all purity of tradition . . ." Politically the men of Guanajuato possess a highly developed double faculty: an understanding of theory, and the ability to convert it into practical action. "The citizen of Guanajuato is, in other words, a practiced, talented, certified hypocrite."

Jaime Ceballo, upon whom Fuentes soon focuses, is the great-grandson of a shopkeeper who had come to Guanajuato from Madrid and soon prospered. The Revolution, which began in 1910, caused a number of irregularities in the Ceballos family, the most important of which, so far as Jaime was to be concerned, was the marriage of his father to his mother in 1926. Had the family not been broken up, such an unfortunate union would never have occurred, for Jaime's mother, Adelina, was "beneath" her husband socially. Once some sort of order was restored the marriage was annulled, and Jaime was taken from his mother and brought up by his aunt, whom he learned to call Mama, and her husband.

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A somewhat unusual arrangement, one might think, but it is proper to Fuentes' purpose. He is concerned not only with the ritual of growing up but with the bourgeois hot-house in which middle-class growth occurs. "The first rule in this family was that life's real and important dramas should be concealed . . . In a counterpoint of opaque silence and vague words, all clung to Jaime as the key to their contentment . . . the child grew surrounded by love that had secret purposes and by standards that were Pharisaical."

There would, however, have been no inconsistency in Jaime's upbringing had it not also been religious. Maritain has remarked that everywhere, where the religious instinct in mankind has not been transfigured by the Gospel, religions are bound to ". . . keep and protect the human community through the social, legal, ritual efficacy of the sacred functions." When Christianity is used for such a purpose, it is perverted. Jaime asks for a Bible on his fourteenth birthday. He reads in the New Testament. He immediately understands that his Mama (his aunt), his uncle and father are not Christians. As they do to many a young man, responding for the first time to the Gospels, the professed Christians appear in the role of Pharisees while those who are outside of or against things as they are appear to be close to Christ even though they may ignore or attack the Church. All this, to the sophisticated reader, is very old hat indeed, but it will never be "old hat" to a young man discovering the Gospels and Fuentes is to be admired for presenting the old with such freshness and bitterness.

In his revolt, in his attempt to live as a Christian, young Jaime flagellates himself brutally. Later, when he has fully recovered, he again visits the one priest he can speak to. Father Obregon excoriates him: his self-flagellation was a foolish act, lacking in faith, an act of hopelessness. Jaime had seen his mother in a tavern, in the company of prostitutes. Obregon says to him: "'You should have had the guts to bend down to that unhappy abandoned woman your mother, and told her who you are and given her your love . . . Instead you piled offense upon offense. You have done nothing for no one'."

"'What must I do, now?'"

"'Find your mother and love her truly, just as she is and for what she is. Don't go on offending God with your hatreds.'"

But Jaime can not accept this advice. He can not stoop down to his mother. She fills him with horror. Nor does he truly love his best friend, the Indian boy Juan Manuel Lorenzo. He secretly feels he is favoring Juan Manuel with his friendship. At the end, he quite truthfully tells himself: "'I haven't had the courage. I couldn't be what I wanted to be. I couldn't be a Christian.'"

And so he would become a brilliant law student, pronounce official speeches, be the spoiled child of the Party of the Revolution, marry rich, and live out his days with a good conscience.

There is a simplicity about this novel that may strike anyone with a measure of worldly wisdom as jejeune. Young Jaime Ceballo is *so* intense, *so* intolerant, *so* ignorant of the world. He reads the Bible as if it had been written the day before yesterday! It would not be difficult to write a parodic paragraph or two using the hero's own words and sentiments as weapons against him. And yet that would be to miss the point.

Fuentes has grasped something important in allowing Jaime to appear so thoroughly naive. Since he is young, he can take Christ seriously and, though it is obvious that his failure to accept Father Obregon's advice lies primarily within himself, surely the occasion of his failure is the contradiction between the professions and actions of his elders. Here I must come back to Orwell's sentence. The decay of the belief in personal immortality is a problem; if it is not a narrowly political problem, it is certainly a social one. How it is to be dealt with is another matter, but if we must wait until the average human being ceases to drudge like an ox and fear the police, we shall probably never deal with it at all. Mr. Fuentes is to be praised for presenting the problem so directly and so simply.

What Is Freedom?

Dimensions of Freedom. By Felix E. Oppenheim. St. Martin's. $6.50.

by Richard L. Schoenwald

PROFESSOR OPPENHEIM, who teaches government at the University of Massachusetts, has written a significant book, one that does not ring with hollow proclaiming or repeat the routine and the meaningless. It is easy to imagine why it will not sell: it is expensive, it lacks the rhetorical glossiness usually urged upon scholars as "style," it demands concentrated reading, and it deals with freedom.

Yet these barriers are not insurmountable. Sale to libraries and paperback publication can increase the book's availability. Those who want to find out what the book has to say may be able to resist the facile demand for "style" fostered by anxious publishers and academics too hungry for mass testimony to their own worth. Indeed, Professor Oppenheim very early states that he has chosen "logical consistency and empirical fruitfulness even at the price of literary elegance. (Perhaps future sociologists of knowledge will discover that this study belongs, after all, to some ideological current of which the author was unaware.)"

I believe that an essential component of this current must be the deep disgust felt by many for the stale, pompous, and ultimately trivial notions about freedom so widely peddled. The recent outbreak of books on freedom represents an attempt to meet real needs for an understanding of freedom in the very moment when it is doubly threatened, by the outer peril of atomic war, and by inner uncertainty and confusion about the lasting value of affluence. Professor Oppenheim has turned away from the ethical and religious windiness and the political platitudes that rattle in most heads, and he has addressed himself to the inescapable question of this late and terrifying hour: what does freedom mean in the lives, and in the deaths, of men?

One can discern some of the elements which have gone into Profes-

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sor Oppenheim's work. His concentration upon behavior, and his conviction that political science can be a behavioral science, reach back to the pioneering accomplishments of behaviorism, now frequently and ignorantly abused. The relentless empirical drive to formulate propositions in testable ways, or to abandon them, inspires Professor Oppenheim as it has moved inquirers from Hume to the operationalists and the logical positivists. Behaviorism and empiricism are closely connected and reinforce each other, but few discern the advantages of this bond in a time consecrated to the slogan and the pursuit of ease.

To point out some of the influences which have shaped the present work cannot detract from the genuineness of Professor Oppenheim's accomplishment. Apparently this is his first book. One may deduce, by noting the point in his career at which it appears, and by considering the pattern of his previous articles, the time and the thought which have gone into its making. He has done on a massive scale what a scientist must accomplish before beginning any experiment: he has stated a problem in a testable way.

Gone is the ranting about freedom as an inherent property of democracy, gone is the miasma in which swirled ideas about freedom as self-realization; instead, he has fashioned an integrated set of propositions about what one actor, either an individual or a group, can do with respect to another. The reader, whether a thoughtful individual interested and concerned to make real sense of the chaos around him, or a scholar contemplating future patterns of discovery, may learn much, once he decides to try Professor Oppenheim's program.

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O'Faolain Remembers

I Remember! I Remember! By Sean O'Faolain. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.50.

by Michele Murray

IN THE long line of Irish story tellers Sean O'Faolain occupies a high place by virtue of his supple, evocative style, the wide range of life encompassed in his work and the fine conciseness of his procedure. In his newest collection, he presents ten variations on the same theme, that of memory and the power it exerts over the present. The eleventh story, one of the best, is an exception, a hilarious tale of a bookmaker inadvertently turned amateur theologian who throws his entire community into a tizzy with notions drawn from reading a Catholic encyclopedia.

Of the other stories, four are slight, well-written but closer to exercises than fully-developed work. The remaining six, however, stand with the finest O'Faolain has written. The title story explores the small, but all-important, differences between the recollection of mere fact which, lacking the imprint of human personality, can only wither in the re-telling —true to itself but slyly false in its implications—and the living memory of emotions once experienced, forgotten, then sharply remembered, which retain the power to disturb

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because they remind us of vanished possibilities, of hopes faded in the dwindling present.

It is, of course, the evocative memory that the other stories present. In "A Shadow, Silent as a Cloud," Jeremiah Collis, a middle-aged successful architect, addresses a gathering of colleagues at a suburban Dublin hotel, and is reminded by the waitress, a childhood friend and wife of a cousin, of the gay free old days and the fearless Collises of the past. Shaken by the encounter, feeling "a shadow, silent as a cloud, that he had not heeded for many years," he goes on to meet failure in love, rejected by a young woman who is ready to ruin her life for love of a drunken young man while he, locked in his professional personality, turns his back on that free life for the channeled pleasures of his work, defeated, like the businessman of "One Night in Turin" by the habit of fear and hesitation.

So, too, with the dour old manufacturer, Daniel Cashen, in "A Touch of Autumn in the Air," who hides, deep in the recesses of himself, one beautiful fragment of the past which surfaces too late to light up the remains of his life. "It was plain, at last, that he was thinking of all those fragments of his boyhood as the fish scales of some wonderful fish, never-to-be-seen, sinuous and shining, that had escaped from his net into the ocean."

"Love's Young Dream" deftly examines the permutations of romantic love seen through the shifting perspective of a boy at various stages from ten to sixteen, the story itself told by the same boy grown middle-aged and also presenting the views of the two young girls who figure prominently in it, so that the effect is one of multiple mirrors around the simplest of themes: the inevitable betrayal of romantic expectations by reality and the passage of time.

O'Faolain's temperament is that of a classicist—balanced, serene, detached. He can appreciate the small absurdities and self-delusions of his characters, their fond involvements with the spirit of romance, but he is never led into mistaking their limited apprehensions for the whole picture. His triumph as an artist lies in his ability to indicate contrasting attitudes toward his material so as to transform basically simple, quiet themes into subtle meditations on experience. Because there is little dramatic tension in his work (and his novels, despite their many excellences, suffer from this lack of external incident), the interest must come from the vision O'Faolain brings to bear upon his situations. That such interest is frequently sustained is a tribute to his craft and to his complex views of human action.

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Church Art Quarrel

Modern Sacred Art and the Church of Assy. By William S. Rubin. Columbia University Press. $8.75.

by James R. Mellow

THE CRIES of "insult" and "sacrilege" which greeted Germaine Richier's crucifix for the French church of Notre-Dame-de-Toute-Grâce at Assy brought into focus the division within the Church, in 1951, between an embattled Right and a more moderate group looking left of center. The cause of the controversy was the engagement of famous modern artists—some of them professed Communists or atheists, others non-believers—for the decoration of a church intended to serve the tubercular patients of nearby sanatoria. Faced with the decadence of much religious art and the banal repetitions of Saint-Sulpice, the Dominican Order made a noble attempt to instil new life into a moribund body and to promote the idea of a sacred art which might exist in a viable relationship with the best achievements of modern secular artists.

Father Marie-Alain Couturier, one of the forces behind the Church at Assy, confronted with the bad taste which prevailed at the time, observed that it would be better "to turn to geniuses without faith than to believers without talent." If one tends to feel that little was accomplished in the aftermath of this special controversy, it did, at least, draw a few grudging concessions about the failures of the art of Saint-Sulpice from the conservative clergy and some lay quarters.

But the experiment at Assy was an attempt that largely failed. The Richier crucifix was removed by order of the Bishop of Annecy. The hopeful air of good-feeling that surrounded the project at its beginnings was dispelled. The Jewish artist, Chagall, appended the phrase "In the Name of the Liberty of All Religions" to his ceramic mural, the statement being made necessary by the virulent tone of much of the controversy, particularly from the Right. The entire project, it seemed, dissipated in an air that was ambiguous and disheartening. There is some suggestion that the earlier silence of clerical authorities was due to that perennial hope of gaining new and important conversions among the artists. When this hope came to nothing and strong pressure was brought to bear upon the clergy for canonical definition, the Dominicans, unhappily, responded to the criticism with arguments that were not altogether free from casuistry.

Mr. Rubin has done an admirable

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job of documenting the affair. He has looked into the relevant canonical laws and the literature, including the pronouncements issued from Vatican quarters, which arose from the controversy. He has provided a brief history of the declining standards of both religious and sacred art (for the two are not the same and the distinction is one that he maintains throughout the book), and sketched the background for the brave attempt made at Assy during that brief era of good feeling which existed between certain elements of the clergy and laity and more radical groups; an amity derived from their cooperation during the Nazi Occupation.

In all, his study is fair and calm, though it is obvious that his sympathy lies with the thwarted Dominicans. A show of indignation would not have been out of place, considering the vicious and stupid character of some of the attacks, but Mr. Rubin has obviously decided to let those points of view stand and fall on their own muddy ground. One can believe his statement that he had "no *a priori* convictions about the Church of Assy" and that his conclusions developed "*en passage*, as it were, out of investigation of the facts and examination of the works."

It is not surprising that the Worker-Priest movement should occupy a significant part of his investigation. The attempt to bring about a *rapprochement* between an alienated clergy and the secular life of the nation, largely sponsored by the Dominican Order, forms a parallel development with the Sacred Art movement. Mr. Rubin's observation that the impetus for these movements had come from a religious society whose organization is "loosely constructed along egalitarian lines" is a point to be borne in mind. With the failure of both these movements, it is difficult not to feel that the cause of modern sacred art was a casualty of a much broader controversy—one that involved the gradual realignment of political thought and the hardening of political positions in France following World War II. As such, it forms another chapter in that —can we call it picaresque—involvement of art with politics (on the "upstairs" level, culture with diplomacy) that continues to be one of the unpredictable adventures of our time.

My personal opinion is that some of the failures of the Sacred Art movement were inherent in it from the start. Modern Art is an elastic term which stretches now from Cézanne to the new iconoclasm of the past decade—a style or a group of styles that is even less amenable to sacred art than the earlier modernism of, let us say, Bonnard, Leger or Rouault. The trend of art over this period has been toward the autocratic and not, I think, toward an art which can function within a broad base of commonly held beliefs and assumptions.

I suspect that in religious and sacred art we will continue to get watered-down versions of the modern styles of twenty or thirty years ago and the revivals of Byzantine which Mr. Rubin discusses in his book. Nor, I'm sorry to say, do I think that the involvement of some Catholic schools with the methods of modernism is likely to provide us with what we are waiting for. Healthy as that attempt is, it will not produce a great modern religious artist. What it may well do is spread a climate of opinion through Catholic schools and circles, a climate in which a better understanding of modern art and its techniques will grow.

In a sense, the problem of a modern sacred art bears some relationship to the problem of the "return to the figure" which we hear so much about nowadays. We are still waiting. What is necessary is not the invention of a new style—and certainly not the dressing up of old styles for a new purpose. The thing that is necessary is a radical change of feeling that will make a new art possible.

REVIEWERS

Thomas F. Curley, a regular contributor, is a New York novelist and critic.

Richard L. Schoenwald is a member of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Michele Murray contributes reviews to *The Catholic Reporter* and the *Washington Post*. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

James R. Mellow, a frequent contributor of articles on art to this and other journals, is Editor of *Arts Magazine*.

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